

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

FRILLY LILLY *The Adventures of a Frivolous Girl in the Fashionable Whirl.*

Written by Carolyn Wells. Drawings by Penrhyn Stanlaw.

No. 4—Taking Care of Uncle



"HELLO, Uncle Abel! Here's me! Here's your little ray of sunshine. Aunt Hetty sprung a C. Q. D. at me over the telephone and said she had to go to a meeting of some Men's Club or other, and would I come around here and sit with you. So I came just as soon as I could skittle over. You poor dear, are you awfully tired of staying in the house? Well, I suppose gout is annoying. Why don't you try Mental Science? They say it's fine! You know, you just think you haven't any gout, and then you don't have any! Though, for that matter, you might as well think you hadn't any food."

"And, then, wouldn't I have any?"
"No, I suppose not. But that wouldn't do any good, because I've heard that soldiers, or any people with their feet cut off, feel them hurting just the same. But, never mind, my poor darling, I'm going to be so entertaining this afternoon that you won't know whether you have any feet or not."

"Entertaining, hey? I suppose that means you'll chatter like a confounded magpie till I'm nearly crazy. I don't see why women have to be eternally talking!"

"There, there, Uncle Abel, your foot is bad to-day, isn't it? Aunt Hetty said you were as cross as a tooth-aching baby."

"Oh, she said that, did she?"
"Yes, and she said she hoped to goodness I could check you up some, for she'd just about reached the end of her patience!"

"Pooh! She never had any patience! Now, if she were in my plight—full of chronic hereditary gout, and just getting over the grippe!"

"Well, you ought to be thankful it isn't chronic, hereditary grippe! But men can't stand a bit of discomfort!"

"Confound your impertinence, Miss! What are you talking about? I don't know what your aunt meant by getting you over here this afternoon! You've no more feeling or sympathy than a Dutch doll!"

"Oh, yes I have, Uncle dear! Here, I'll rest your foot in an easier position."

"Oo! E-E! ouch! Gosh, Lilly! I wish I had something to throw at you! Get away, girl!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you, poor, dear, suffering old wrapped-up bundle of foot! Here, let me put another sofa cushion under it. Say Uncle, I saw the loveliest burnt leather sofa-pillow in Van Style's window as I came along! It would suit my room beautifully. There, there, dear, let me rub your forehead with this cologne; isn't that soothing?"

"Soothing nothing! You've doused it all in my eyes, they smart like fire! Oo, ouch! Lilly, get out!"

"Well, try that mental science again. Think they don't smart. Think you haven't any eyes!"

"I wish I hadn't any ears! Do stop chattering, Lilly!"

"My! Aunt Hetty sized up your state of mind all right, didn't she? Well, Uncle, I guess I'll read to you. Here's a lovely story in this new magazine. Listen: 'The pale young man fairly trembled as he looked at her. "Ethelyn," he murmured, in sighing-tones, "you are so adorably subtle, so tragically intensive, that I feel—I feel—"'

"I refuse to know how that young nincompoop felt! Shut up that fool book, Lilly! If you must read, read me some Wall Street news."

"All right, Uncle Abel, here goes. I'll read from this morning's paper: 'Coffee declined rather sharply at the opening. Why, how funny! What was the opening? A sort of a reception day? And if people declined coffee, why did they do so sharply? Why not say, 'No, thank you,' and take tea?'"

"I don't want that column, turn to 'Gossip of Wall Street.'"

"Yes, here that is. But, Uncle, do the magnates and things gossip? I thought that was a woman's trick! Well, here we are: 'Steel rail changes discussed all day! Oh, Uncle, and then to call women chatterboxes! When men talk all day long about a foolish little thing like changing a steel rail! Why, I can change a whole hat in less time than that! Say, Uncle, there was the dearest hat in the Featherston's window—'"

"I'll bet it was dear if it was in that shop!"

"Well, but it had been reduced; marked down to \$27.99. Such a bargain! Uncle, you know my birthday comes next week."

"Well, which do you want, the hat or the sofa-pillow you hinted for a while ago?"

"Oh, Uncle, how lovely of you! But it's so hard to choose between them. Suppose I had them both sent home on approval—and then I can see—"

"Yes, I know what that means!"

"Oh, here comes the maid, with your beef tea. No, Jane, let me take it, I'll give it to him. You may go, Jane. I'll just taste this, Uncle, to be sure it isn't too hot for you. Oh, how good it is! I've often thought I'd like to be an invalid just on account of the lovely things they get to eat. Why, this beef tea is delicious! And such a pretty cup and saucer. Do you know, Ethel Wylie has a whole set like this. 'Coalport,' isn't it?"

"Say, Uncle, what do you think about the coal strike? Do tell me all about it—I'm shockingly ignorant of politics. Do they call it a strike because the men get mad and strike each other? Or what?"

"Lilly, if you don't want all that beef tea, I believe I could relish a little."

"Oh, Uncle, how thoughtless of me! I've sipped nearly all of it! I suppose I sort of thought I was of a tea. But I think there's as much as you ought to take. Dear Uncle, it's so nice to see you eat something nourishing. I'm sure it will do you good. It does me useful to have"

"How thoughtless! I've sipped nearly all of it!"

the grippe. And you have headache, haven't you? Now, don't say no—I can see it in your poor, dear eyes. I'm going to tie this wet bandage round your forehead—so—oh, no, it isn't dripping down your neck—it can't be. Well, it will soon stop. Now I'll rub this menthol on the bridge of your nose—now, now, Uncle, don't scowl like that. If you won't try mental science we must use remedies."

"Lilly, if you don't let me alone I'll throw this cup and saucer at you!"

"Oh, Uncle, dear, don't be so peevish! There, now, I'll pat your poor foot and sing to you."

"Ouch! Oh, the devil! Lilly, get out! There!"

"Oh, Uncle, you've smashed that lovely 'Coalport!' Did those gentle little pats hurt your foot? I don't believe it! I declare a man is worse to take care of than a baby! Thank goodness, here comes Aunt Hetty!"

Next Week--At the Fortune Teller's.

"Hello, Uncle Abel! Here's me! Here's your little ray of sunshine."



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